Lawyerus Bootatus & Spurratus:

OR, THE

Long Vacation.

A

POEM.

By a Student of Lincolns-Inn.

LONDON:

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To my Honeſt Friend Mr. *Fled-wit*, Clerk to Mr. *Dull-man*.

Dear Jack,

WHEN I had finiſht this little Piece, I was thinking what Duke, Marqueſs, Earl, Lord, Knight, Squire or Gentleman to Dedicate it to; but hearing thou wert come to Town from thy Fathers Paternal Seat of Fled-wit-Hall, I laid aſide my thoughts of ſuch deſigns, and to thy own judicious ſelf Preſent this Poem.

Ah Jack! thoſe glorious Times are over, when thou and I were Chums together at Brazenoſe College in Oxford, when we valued Tutors, Proctors, or Vice-chancellors no more than a Vintner does a Proclamation againſt French Wines. When others were ſtudying or making Declamations in the Schools, we were Refreſhing our Underſtanding with the Juice of the Grape at the Crown; and I'll ſay that for thee, thou didſt uſe to be ſo Witty after the ſecond Bottle, and hadſt ſuch Magnificent Puns, ſuch Exalted Clinches,

ſuch Caterquibbles and Cunundrums, as would have ſerv'd to have ſet up half a Dozen Fourth-Rate Poets.

Since our Parents, our Deſtinies, our Fate, or what you pleaſe to call it, deſign'd us for the ſtudy of the Law, after which, tho we have Rode Whip and Spur, we are never like to overtake, and therefore are reſolv'd never to break our Brains with Cook *upon* Littleton, Plowden, Keeble, *or* Fitzherbert: *No, let the Fraternity prate their Unintelligible Jargon at the Bar till their Lungs ake, we have found out a more pleaſant way of Living.----But let the worſt come to the worſt, 'tis at laſt but going to the Devil----Tavern I mean; And ſo dear Rogue, I wiſh thee a pleaſant Term, with two Thouſand Millions of Rich eaſy bleeding Clients, hoping, expecting, deſiring, wiſhing, nay certainly believing you would have the ſame good Luck attend,*

Dear Jack,

Your Friend and Servant,

Whilſt P. Q.

THE

Long Vacation.

WEllcome thou long expected *Seaſon*,
Wellcome as is to Madmen Reaſon,
To Priſners Freedom, Thieves a Pardon,
Or Reſcue when the Bums preſs hard-on
Poor Debtor fly'ng through Lanes and Alleys,
To ſcape a Jayl far worſe than Gallows;
Wellcome as Alms to needy Poor,
Or Wealth by *Smirna-Fleet* brought o're;
Wellcome as ſound of *riſe Sir Knight*,
Or *French* Succeſs to *Jacobite*.
But why ſhould ſuch Civility,
Be, dear Sir *Long-ſhanks*, paid to thee?
Unleſs I would to World preſent,
My little Skill in Complement;
Juſt like two *Kings* in Play we read in, (ing;
Who both ſpoke *French* to ſhow their Breed-

For there is no great alteration
Between the *Term* and *Long Vacation*;
The difference is ſcarce a Teſter
'Twixt Terms of *Hilary* or *Eaſter*,
Or *Michaelmas* or *Trinity*,
Compar'd with Gains we find in thee:
True, at thoſe times we keep a ſtir
In famous *Hall of Weſtminſter*,
In torn Bar-Gowns we loudly bawl,
And *Eccho* murmurs through the Hall,
In Tryals mix our Senſe with *Jokes*
On *John a Stiles* and *John a Nokes*;
Not Plough-Man ſweats ſo much as we
To get a Clients *Guinea Fee*;
But as in *Holy Writ* we find,
That *God* the firſt Eternal mind,
When by his word, the whole Creation,
Had in ſix Days receiv'd Formation,
Is ſaid to Reſt; ſo 'tis but beſt fit
Mankind ſhould have ſome kind of reſpit.
Aſſiſt me then ſome friendly Muſe,
And do not all kind Aids refuſe,
While I deſcribe the way and faſhion
Of Living in the *Long Vacation*.

Now

Now *Judges* with a mighty Train
Of *Tipſtaves*, *Clerks* and other Men,
Go by *Their Majeſties Command*
To ſcatter *Juſtice* round the Land,
Bold Malefactors *Crimes* to Puniſh,
And *Country Folks* with *Law* aſtoniſh,
Who gaping ſtand at each *Aſſiſes*
To hear 'em Try their *Niſi Priſes* ;
Tho of their Senſe they've no diſcerning,
Yet they admire their mighty Learning,
And wonder how in words ſuch force is,
To fetch the Mony from their Purſes ;
Mean while *Attorneys* and their *Clerks*,
By *Tricks of Law* and *other Querks*,
Bleed the fat Purſe of *Country Yeoman*,
And run at all like Sheep in *Common*,
Pick up the Pence from every Giver,
As at *Church Door* does Poors Receiver,
And will no kind of *Fees* Diſown,
From *Guinea* to the *Clipt Half-Crown* ;
But if the *Client* has no *Ryno*,
Full well the World, and you and I know,
The cauſe is in as bad Condition,
As is a Soul in ſad Contrition

In

In middle World, and's left no Pence,
To Prieſt to Pray him out from thence.
But come, let's leave this wrangling crew,
And ſtep to Fair of *Bartlemew*,
Where 'tis not thought the greateſt curſe,
To eat lean *Pigs* were ſtarv'd at Nurſe;
Thither whole droves of *Punks* repair,
To Sell their *Frenchifi'd crackt Ware*,
To eaſy Youths whoſe greateſt curſe is,
*T'*ave empty Skulls and laden Purſes:
Here *Merry-Andrew* with his *Babble*,
Diverts the crouds of gaping *Rabble*,
While *Divers* with their Fingers ſteady,
From Pocket Pick out all the *Ready*;
But here is ſuch a curſed Noiſe,
With *Trumpets*, *Drums*, and *Hoarſe Haut-Boys*,
With *Buy my Damſins*, *Nuts and Pears*,
I thought with rev'rence to my Ears,
To leave that curſed Helliſh Crew,
Another different Scene to View
See how in droves on *Pads* and *Tits*,
The Road is fill'd with *Scampring Cits*,
For *Tunbridg*, *Epſom*, and ſuch places,
To Drink, and *Bowl*, and Loſe at Races;

But

But ſtill the greateſt part repair
To the fam'd Mart call'd *Sturbridg-Fair*,
Their tarniſht Wares before them gon down,
Which were not Vendible in *London*;
While Country Chapmen from each Quarter,
Pay down the Cole, or Trade by Barter:
Poor *Catholick* to pay his Vow,
Through parching Heat and Froſt & Snow,
Cannot with more Devotion go
To fam'd *Loretto's Shrine*; or that
Of bleſſed Lady *Mountferrat*,
Than Tradeſmen down to *Marts* and *Fairs*,
Or any place where Gain Repairs;
Mony and Blood in this agree,
When they'r in Circulation free,
A Healthful Corps and Purſe enſues,
But both are ſick when both we loſe.
Others on *Nags* in *Smithfield* bought,
(Who at's return 's not worth a groat)
Or elſe on Fifteen Pence a ſide,
In mighty haſt from *London* Ride;
They Ride not forth for Air and Sun,
Their buſineſs is the *Gentle Dun*,

To this great *Lord* or *Knight* or *'Squire*;
But they may *Dapple* ſoundly Tire,
And Ride full many tedious Miles
Before the tempting *Guinea* Smiles;
*B*ut here's a *Chriſtian Comfort* ſtill,
If not their *Purſe*, their *Wems* they fill:
Did they at firſt their Errand tell,
They might be Kickt or Cudgell'd well;
No, they are Treated all like Lords,
With choiceſt Foods the Shire affords;
Nor can each Meal of Plenty fail,
Of choiceſt Wines or ſtrongeſt Ale;
(Tho after all this mighty Cheer,
Is not th'effect of Love but Fear)
And can the *Dun* be ſo ill-bred,
When with ſuch mighty Welcom ſped,
To whiſper in the Ears of any,
My buſineſs is, I come for Mony?
No, there is certainly a Spell
In Eating and in Drinking well,
When from our Purſe it draws no Pence;
And tho with grumbling Minds from thence,
They Proſecute their Journey home,
This Pleaſure to their thoughts does come,

No

No Thieves can them from Mony Sever,
Tho they may *Stand*, they can't *Deliver*,
So jogging on perſue their Journey,
Like *Client* Fleec'd by *Sharp Attorney*.
'Thas been a word this Fourſcore Years,
Talk of the *Dev'l* and he appears,
Which Sentence if it e're was true,
It muſt moſt certainly be now :
Lo, on the Road before our Faces,
On Pads with moſt uneven Paces,
Twenty *Attorneys* of that ſwarm,
Who flock from *Norfolk* to the *Term*,
With Hearts all Light, and Purſes Swelling,
Jog home to their reſpective Dwelling ;
Not *Cæſar* (when his Foes o'recome)
Could with more Triumph enter *Rome*,
Than they, along the Rode in State,
Lookt big and did of *Cauſes* Prate,
Contriving as they ſat on *Crupper* (per,
What they ſhould have that Night for Sup-
What Fowl was ſcarce, what Fiſh was Deareſt,
And where was Sold the *Wine* was *Cleareſt* ;
Reſolving ſince the *Term* was over,
To Feaſt themſelves and live or *Clover*,

And

And nobly gratify their *Bellies*,
As did the *Emperour Vitellius*.
From them about ſome three Miles diſtance
Helpt by their Horſes lame Aſſiſtance,
A crew of *Tatter'd Clients* trot on,
Not one of which had good Coat got on,
But did exactly repreſent,
The talkt of *Ragged Regiment*,
And by their looks 'twas plainly ſeen,
Their Pockets had ſmall *Coin* within;
Strange 'tis that ev'ry one we look at
Should know the want of *Cole* in *Pocket*,
For the *Face* carries ſtrange Reports,
When *Bag* and *Purſe* is out of Sorts:
Theſe did not talk with what fine Cates,
They ſhould Regale themſelves and Mates,
Nor did they talk of *Partridg*, *Plover*,
Or of ſtrange Diſh from *France* brought over,
They with their Stomachs were no Jeſters,
Nor talkt of *Fiſh* with *Shrimps* and *Oyſters*;
But Minds moſt Penſive entertain (gain
With thoughts where they that night ſhould
Domeſtick *Bread* and *Cheeſe* and *Butter*,
To ſatisfy loud *Colons* clutter,

Curſing

Curſing all *Lawyers* where they met any,
Repeating o're the Devil's Litany
For all the Pen and Parchment Fighters,
From *Judges* down to *Hackney Writers*.
By what ſtrange Magick am I held,
I cannot quit this Country Field?
New objects ſtill my Muſe invite,
And ſtill of Groves and Shades I write.
Here by a purling Brook there ſits
A *Nymph* by Love depriv'd of Wits;
For having once at *London* been,
And in the *Walks* of *Grays-Inn* ſeen
A Dreſſing *Beau*, by *Taylors* made,
Her ſilly Heart by Love betray'd;
And ſince her Paſſion for the *Spark*,
She modeſtly Conceals i'th' *Dark*,
Turns *Mope*, and twirling of her *Garters*,
Is nam'd amongſt God *Cupid's Martyrs*.
Not far from thence in Country Village,
Renown'd for Husbandry and Tillage;
Encircled round with Clowns was ſate
A *Spark* juſt come to his Eſtate,
Whilſt libr'rally they Drink and Eat all,
Upon the *Charge* of Young *Sir Treat-all*;

Extolling to the very Skies
His bounteous Liberalities:
One who'd more breeding than the reſt Sir,
In a large *Bowl*, to's *Noble Maſter*,
Begins a *Health*, which each one follows
With hoarſe loud ſhouts and ruſtick hollows,
Whilſt he with Pride puſt up, does ſwell
As big as Midnight Conſtable
Amongſt his Watchmen clad in Flanniel;
So he by ev'ry Country Spaniel
Is fawn'd upon, while each pretends
To Honour him *for their own ends.*
What ſhew on yonder Hill appears?
They ſeem a *Troop* of *Mountaneers*,
And by the ſwiftneſs of their Pace
To be of the true *Iriſh* Race,
They yelp, they bawl, they hoop, they hollow,
And each one cries out *follow, follow*;
But when they ſomething nearer came,
I found them Sportſmen of the Game,
Who Hunting lov'd above their Vi'tels,
And cry of Hounds 'fore Lutes and Fiddles.
'Twas now about the dawn o'th' Even,
And they had been at th' ſport ſince ſeeven

Th'

*T*h' Morning, all that time employing,
*T*hemſelves, with Hunger much anoying,
Receiving falls and blows and knocks Sir,
In chaſe of a damn'd ſtinking Fox Sir,
Which they with much more triumph Kill'd
Than e're did *Tamberlane* i'th' Field,
When his Victorious Foot he ſet,
Upon the Neck of *Bajazet*.
I muſt confeſs I lookt with wonder,
But never ſhall with pleaſure under-
Stand where in truth the mighty ſenſe is,
In Riding over Hedges, Fences,
Stiles, Ditches, Five-bar-gates and Bogs,
After a crew of Yelping Dogs,
Indang'ring ſtill my Life, which bears
More value than ten Thouſand Hares;
A Leg or Arm is often Cur'd,
But no Man's Neck was e're Enſur'd;
Yet each Man beſt his Pleaſure knows,
As th' Woman ſaid, who pickt her Toes.
But now 'tis time we ſhould be gone,
And leave the Country for the Town;
My Muſe and I with eaſy pace,
Tow'rd *London* now have ſet our Face:

But

But had you ſeen, as we took notice,
Of ſuch a numerous train of Coaches,
Both Hackney, Stage, and thoſe of Gentry,
Who had upon the Road made entry,
Calaſhes made by Workmens Art,
A much more modiſh ſort of Cart;
And ev'ry one of theſe 'forenam'd,
With Folks as thick as Bee-hives cram'd;
Or had you likewiſe ſeen beſide,
The numerous company that Ride
On Long-tails, Bob-tails, Trotters, Pacers,
Pads, Higlers, Hawkers, Hunters, Racers,
Who did with Whip and Spur repair,
To taſt the Countries purer Air,
You would have almoſt took your Oath,
That Peſtilence, or Fire, or both,
Could be the only ſole occaſion
Of leaving *City Habitation*;
But all our fears were fled to tell ye,
When we arriv'd at *Peccadilly*,
We found the Streets with People ſwarm,
As if it were in height of *Term*,
And tho ſo many thouſands gone,
There ſcarce was miſs of them in Town;

However

However 'twas my first desire
To visit *Hall* of *Westminster*,
Where oft till two a Clock I've staid,
Starving my Guts to feed my Head
With scraps of Law and bits of Lattin,
(*Oh* ! *what a Bliss is Learned Prating*)
Into that School-house of the Law,
I entred with a kind of Awe,
Which when more strictly I survey'd,
It lookt like Garison decay'd ;
For tatter'd *Flags* from *Ireland* brought
Did very much improve the Thought;
No *Judges* learned in the *Law*,
Nor *Serjeants* who choice Pleadings Draw,
Nor Councel who can split a Hair,
Were seen on *Bench* or at the *Bar* ;
Not one *Atturney* with his Bags,
Stuft full of Law, or Rogues in Rags,
We justly *Pettifoggers* call,
Were to be seen about the Hall ;
No *Affidavit-Men*, nor those
In *Temple-Walk* with *Straws in Shoes* ;
The *Lawyers* and their *Hangers* on,
Like Rats from falling Houle were gone ;

But where the *Sages* of the *Law*
Did uſe to ſit, were *Boys at Taw*,
And Folks with Plums and Ginger-bread
Stood where the Learned Counſel Plead,
And Country Folks to ſhew their Manners',
Stood bare to view the *Iriſh Banners*;
Pert *Sempſtreſs* with her *what d'ye buy Sir*?
Did nodding on her Elbow lye Sir,
And *Bookſeller* long time may ſnort,
Before he's askt for *Cook*'s *Reports*;
The place appear'd ſo Melancholy,
To ſtay there longer was a folly,
Therefore did moſt convenient judg it,
To *Lincolns-Inn* on Foot to trudg it;
But when I came to *Charing-Croſs*,
Sitting on Steps by *Horſe* of *Braſs*,
Saw *Splitcauſe* the *Solliciter*,
Expecting, like ſome humble Cur,
What ſcraps or bones would fall for Dinner;
Taking compaſſion on the Sinner,
To Cellar gave him Invitation,
Where inſtantly he took occaſion
To cram his Guts with *Beef* and *Pudding*, I
Which for two days had had no Food in;

His

His Belly fill'd and Bones at reſt,
He told me that with Intereſt
He would repay the Obligation
I ſhew'd him in the *Long Vacation*,
And had he had but *Cole* in *Pockets*,
He'd take me inſtantly to *Lockets*,
And fill my Skin with old *Burgundy*,
But he would not forget me one day :
Seeming to like his grateful Humour,
We parted, when juſt 'gainſt the *Rummer*,
I met a *very honeſt Croney*,
Who values, juſt like Dirt, his Mony ;
*B*ut by his ſad dejected looks,
I found his Purſe was off the Hooks,
To meet (as ev'ry Mortal well-knows)
A Man with Stockins out at Elbows,
His Linnen foul, and Cloaths all torn in,
With Hands and Face in Nat'ral Mourning,
Informs a Man, beyond all doubt,
The World and he are fallen out :
He ſeem'd amaz'd when firſt I met him ;
*B*ut ſince I was reſolv'd to Treat him,
Conſented, and to drown all Sorrow,
All anxious thoughts about to morrow,

Drank *Bumpers Supernaculum*,
To better Luck for time to come;
Strange power of *Wine*, whose sprightly Juice,
Can a new kind of Soul infuse:
My Friend had now forgot his Cares,
And for a chearful Song prepares;
Nay, thought himself as great to th' full,
As is the *Indian Great Mogull*:
But I not willing the Delusion
Should bring his Senses to Confusion,
Soon sent him Home in Hackney-Coach,
To keep him from a worse Debauch.

Walking along the *Strand*, a *Strange Young Spark* salutes me by th' *Exchange*:
I knew him not, yet he'd pretend
To be my Servant and my Friend,
And that as well we knew each other,
As if the one was t'others Brother:
Amaz'd I stood in strange suspense;
But he with Air of Impudence,
'Cry'd, surely Sir you can't forget
'Our last Intreague in *Surry-street*,
'When amongst Ladies half a Dozen,
'You only did select my Cousin;

'She's

'She's a brisk Tit, and Sir you know it,
'(Then begs my Ear) could you allow it,
'To lend me Sir, but half a Crown,
'I ſhould be yours more than my own;
I ſtraight ſurvey'd my *Spark* all o're,
Having ne're ſeen his Face before,
Inſtead of lending him a *George*,
Kickt him and made him walk at large.
From thence I met with no Adventure,
Until I did the *Temple* Enter;
Which come to, with amazement ſaw
A brisk pretender to the Law,
Who was in Term-time all men know
A mighty Dreſſing Sparkiſh *Beau*,
And would with *Tooth-Pick* fixt in Mouth,
Stand three full hours by th' Clock in troth
At *Temple-Gate*, with Roguiſh Leering,
Ogling all women who came near him;
But now by ſome ſtrange turn of Fate
Reduc'd to very mean Eſtate;
His *Beaver* was reduced to *Caſter*,
And *Nekcloath* hardly worth a *Teſter*,
Tuckt in within a tatter'd *Waſtcoat*,
O're which, a *Coat* was once a *Lac'd-Coat*;

A *Wigg* ſo full of Knots and Stains,
As if't had ſeen a ſcore *Campaigns*,
And all the other Cloaths he wore,
Like thoſe we mentioned juſt before:
Surpriz'd I was, I muſt confeſs,
At ſuch an odd and uncouth Dreſs;
Whether 'twas Gaming, Whoring, Drinking
Reduc'd him, thought not worth my think-
So paſſing on to *King's-Bench* Walk, (ing;
Survey'd a Num'rous crew were Talk-
Ing, hither, thither, to and fro,
As if they'd little elſe to do:
Poor *Pettifogging Pimps* o'th' Law,
Trav'lers who ne're Salt-water ſaw,
Alſatian Biters and their *Cullies*,
Pretended Wits and Sharping Bullies,
Projectors and their *Undertakers*,
News Writing 'Squires and *Ballad Makers*,
Were Walking here this *Long-Vacation*,
To give their thoughts ſome Recreation.

Here the Author broke off Abruptly, being engag'd for ſeveral Weeks to Viſit his Friends in the Country.

Thank

THank Heaven, I am at laſt return'd,
Tho no one for my Abſence Mourn'd;
Pleaſure ſhould give to Buſineſs place
(Men do not uſe to feed on Sauce)
Not dawn of Light to People, where
'Tis Midnight Darkneſs half the Year,
More welcom is, than dawn of *Term*
To *Lawyers*, who to *London* ſwarm.
The Nobles now and Gentry too,
To Country Pleaſures bid adieu,
And with the Cities Converſation,
Supply the want of Recreation
They met withall in Gardens, Fields,
And all thoſe Sports the *Country* yields:
From *Tunbridg*, *Epſom*, *Arſtrop*-Wells,
The *Bath* and ſundry places elſe,
In mighty droves to *London* come,
Where 'tis admir'd they all find room;
In this, it like the Ocean ſeems,
Nere fuller for ten thouſand Streams.
Nay, I my ſelf muſt take my leave
Of *Cowly*, *Waller*, *Oldham*, *Cleave-*

Land,

Land, and beloved *Hudibraſs*,
To ſtudy Actions on the *Caſe*,
And leave my *Thought* ere made an end on't,
To think of *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*;
And ſo farewell all Recreation
In this *Dull, Tedious, Long Vacation.*

FINIS.